

August 30' 1870.

Twilight Musings.

By P. B. West

(1)

□ Soft tints succeed the gray of morn,
And ~~in~~ golden rays ^{proclaim} the day,
The stars that gleam
While mortals dream,
No more the azure skies adorn
'Till evening twilight fades away.

(2)

Through all the ~~lengthened~~ ^{fleet} day, the sun
Hast'ning adown the glowing west,
Its beams have thrown,
Its strength has shown,
'Till twilight comes with mantle dim,
The nations with its light are blest.

(3)

Hushed are the warblers, one by one—
Their lessening notes, in turn have ceased;
In peaceful mood
Through covert wood
They toiling cheer till day is done,
And wait the morn, with strength increased.

(21)
Then rest ye weary - sweet the hour -
Nights' shadows o'er the landscape creep;
Then in love's urn,
Fresh incense burn.

As dewdrop in the closing flower,
The pure in heart - as softly sleep.

(3)
Life's morning blushes as the dawn,
Life's noon-day strength, like potent ray
Of ruling sun.
As shadows dun

If hope and love are ere withdrawn,
The close of life's eventful day.

In
On darkness beams of hope arise,
Life's twilight comes not unforeseen;
As dew in flowers
In sunlit hours,

Hope brightest shines - in sweet surprise,
Reflecting holy light - serene.